Is practise, onely giue me my seruant foorth;
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them
Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry sleepe to death.

Glost. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when she put them vp i'th paste aliue, she rapt 'em ath coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her brother, that in pure kindnesse to his horse, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reason
I haue to thinke so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultresse, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy sister is naught, ô *Regan* she hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere.
I can scarse speake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray sir take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to slacke her duty.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O sir, you are olde,
Nature on you stands on the very verge of her Confine,
You should be ruled and led by some discretion,
That discernes your state better then you your selfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our sister you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her sir.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse,
Do you marke how this becomes the house?

Deare

Deare daughter, I confesse t
Age is vnnecessary, on my k
That you'l vouchsafe me ray

Reg. Good sir no more, th
Returne you to my sister.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe
Lookt backe vpon me, strok
Most serpent-like vpon the
All the stor'd vengeances of
Strike her young bones, you

Duke. Fie, fie sir.

Lear. You nimble lightni
Into her scornfull eies, infec
You Fen suckt fogs, drawn
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods, so
When the rash mood——

Lear No *Regan*, thou sha
The tender hested nature sh
To harshnes, her eies are fie
Tis not in thee to grudge m
To bandy hasty words, to s
And in conclusion, to oppo
Against my comming in, th
The offices of nature, bond
Effects of curtesie, dues of g
Thy halfe of the kingdome
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir to the pur

Lear. Who put my man

Duke. What trumpets th

Enter

Reg. I know't my sisters
That she would soone be h

Lear. This is a slaue, wh

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